

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1887.

## TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Now and then an individual, generally a stranger, is to be encountered, who, standing mid the whirl of the business activities and life of this city, exclaims: "When will she stop growing?" The question is one which no one can answer definitely. But from a sweep of the field and an estimate of her location, advantages, interests, wealth and connections, we are perfectly safe in saying that there will be no halt before Wichita has reached a population of two hundred thousand. Her present environment warrants at least a city of that magnitude in any event. Her growth beyond that to any degree must and will largely depend on the development of the grand empire of which she is the acknowledged center. Any interest, however, of whatever character is safe if based on a population for Wichita of not over two hundred thousand.

## WICHITA-CHICAGO.

Intimate interests and unfriendly papers, especially of other states, show a wonderful pervasiveness in asserting and reiterating that Wichita's boom has busted. Their special delight seems to be to dwell upon the collapsed condition of Wichita's real estate. While there is not the excitement of last winter—when there was but little else doing—nothing could be farther from the truth. Wichita really is just as valuable as a growing investment as it ever was. The days of dickerings—at least for the present—are passed, but the days of solid investments are here as strongly and promisingly as at any time in the history of our city. No city east or west can show a more healthy condition in this respect than Wichita. As a matter of curiosity we have had the transfers of real estate of Chicago for the past sixty days, as published in the Tribune, footed up and the result is that Wichita, both in number of transfers and in the aggregate amount of money involved, has led the great city of the lake.

## A BIG FISH POND.

There is a mystery surrounding the visit of Marsh Murdock and the delegation of his fellow townsmen, who are in the city. It is surmised that they either have a railway project in hand or else their visit is in relation to the whisky traffic of Wichita and the proposed closing up of the joints at that place. Colonel Murdock avowed to a Commonwealth reporter last evening that the object of their visit and the sole object was to secure the co-operation of the Santa Fe road in a scheme to construct a canal from the Gulf of Mexico and convey the water of the Gulf to Wichita and make a fish pond.—Commonwealth.

The reporter only misrepresented us in the name of the water way and its use. Tide water to Wichita and a port of entry is what's up. Incidentally fine foreign wines, as a traffic, may come in of course, by way of Wichita.

## STRONG DRINK.

When Col. Ingersoll sent his friend a jug of old whisky he told him to drink it and he would see waving harvest fields and landscape views beautiful to behold, and hear the carol of the lark and hear men and maidens sing the Harvest Home. This convinces us that the whisky in Washington is quite different from the article sold and drunk in Kansas City. We have known men to drink the latter article and they heard rats fighting and the carol of the bull frog, and they saw slimy snakes crawling and bugs walking. Even the editor of the Times is sometimes so affected by smelling its perfume that he imagines there is a rebellion across the line in Kansas.

## GARFIELD UNIVERSITY.

Reference to this institution in another column will be read with interest by many readers of the EAGLE this morning. The founders of this institution are laying its foundations deep and strong. Its friends here not only believe that it will be the pride of Wichita but of the Christian Church of America. The people who are aiding this institution are doing work that will extend its benign influences down the ages to come, and the world will be better for their having lived to help found Garfield University.

Byron Roberts, treasurer of Shawnee county, placed seven German carp in a lake near his farm near Silver Lake in 1886, he now has 1,500 fish that will average half a pound each.

## MEADE CENTER.

To the Editor of the Eagle.

Among the innumerable booms that are building up the great central state of the union, Meade Center smiles and prospers. She now has a population of about 1,500, over one hundred business houses, with schools and churches, and men of means and enterprise to push her up among the growing cities of the state. Perhaps no other town in Kansas forty-five miles from a railroad can pride itself on such rapid and substantial growth as can Meade Center. Situated in the center of one of the best agricultural counties, Meade Center is surely destined to become one of the great cities of the southwest. She is just far enough from the towns along the great Santa Fe, and from the neutral strip and the Panhandle to be the central and commercial point of a large area of the finest farming land ever wet by the gentle dews of heaven. There is no mistake about it. The Rock Island road has just secured right-of-way and depot grounds through the city, and the roadbed of this great highway is now being graded at Fowler City, fifteen miles northeast of this. There is no blow about this. It is the established fact with reference to which those parties who have circulated the report that the Rock Island would miss us, may sadly and more wisely reflect.

The Santa Fe is moving in this direction, likewise the D. & A., and nothing short of a preventing Providence can keep Meade Center from assuming her proper station among the important cities of this rich domain.

LIVIS S. WEBB.

## WHEN SHOULD THE NATION FORGET?

Oh, when should the nation forget  
The valorous deeds of her sons?  
Oh, when should she cease to forget  
The price that victory was won?  
The years are fast flying away,  
As the years before them have done;  
Oh, when should the nation forget  
The valorous deeds of her sons?

If a mortal, when menaced by death,  
Stands trembling before the dread foe,  
And a friendly form, coming between,  
Receives death's terrible blow;  
And if ever that mortal forgets,  
Or ceases to reverence his name,  
"His ingratitude base," we would say,  
"Deserving of infinite shame."

As long as a drop of life's wine  
In the veins of the nation remains,  
Remembrance should brighten the tomb,  
Where the forms of her martyrs were laid.  
May she show by her tribute of flowers,  
Though the years into ages should run,  
That the nation can never forget  
The valorous deeds of her sons!

ALMEDA E. WRIGHT.

## WICHITA AND THE GULF.

In the years gone by the EAGLE has pointed out to the people of the Arkansas valley, that at some time in the future there would be an immense trade between the valley and some city on the Gulf of Mexico, perhaps Galveston. From the earliest settlement of this valley, men of business, foresaw that there must of necessity be a great city at or near the confluence of the Little and Great Arkansas rivers. When people have, from the more elevated lands east of this city, beheld the magnificent valleys of the Great and Little rivers unite here, and saw their commingled waters flowing on to the sea through a valley still more magnificent, the scene inspired them as it were, with the spirit of prophecy. And while the great commercial city, at the junction of these rivers was painted on their minds, the prophetic eye has irresistibly turned to the south and another city by the sea was revealed. The mighty ocean seemed to press down the continent in order to be nearer the home of the Peerless Princess, where the Niles of America join. The great iron highways connecting this city to the city by the sea will be less than half a thousand miles long. Men have written and spoken as they thought wisely to show that there can be no such thing as inspiration in the mind of man. They have said man can imagine, can compare, can reason and can judge, but that there is no place left for inspiration. With all the arguments presented to the minds of men in apparent logical form against inspiration, their instincts still tell them it is true. So it is here. The grand prospects and possibilities of this country and valley has ever inspired men to prophecy great things to come. This inspiration has been gotten faith. The people have believed and that is the solid rock upon which the structure is being erected. That is our faith, now for our works. Here they are, look at them. See the progress of this great valley, her new farms, her new towns rising as if by magic, her great railroad enterprises and everything that goes to make a great empire is being developed here. Look at Wichita. See her unparalleled prosperity and industry; behold her marvelous growth. Now come with us to the tower of the cyrie. Look the direction in which the eagle on the tower seems to be looking; look to the south, over the winding streams, over the green prairies, over the dark foil age of the numerous miniature forests, over the innumerable farms with their promises of a bountiful harvest, down to where the arm of the sea seems to be cordially extended toward us. There is Galveston with her magnificent bay, with her vast shipping interest, with her enterprising merchants reinforced by strong houses from St. Louis and other cities, making ready to take care of our trade. See the railroads pointing from this valley towards and nearly completed to Galveston. See the splendid new steamers, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven of them, on the placid waters of her bay, constructed for and owned by the great Santa Fe Railroad Company. They are to be run in connection with that system of roads, and will give Wichita a nine day's service to New York. At the present time owing to delays caused by transferring cars and freight to other roads the time to New York is about fourteen days. Thus you see when the Peerless City has joined hands with Galveston she will not only save vast sums of money in freights, but will save time in shipping by the new route. Yes, you are right when you say the contemplation of this scene is inspiring and we are justified in prophesying great things for our Peerless city and our Happy Valley. The great possibilities written across this magnificent landscape by the hand of a Bountiful Providence inspires the mind of man to hope and to believe in the consummation of greater things to come.

## LAW AND SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the Eagle.

There appeared in the EAGLE a few days ago an article entitled "A Reply," purporting to be an answer to certain things in Senator Ingalls' recent speech, to which a very enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage objects. To say that the article is a remarkable one, is putting it mildly. It is by no means required a woman's signature to tell that a woman penned it. No man, however enthusiastic in the cause, could have or would have written it.

Evidently the very enthusiastic sister politician and Senator Ingalls have different views on the question of female suffrage, the logic of law, and on one or two other principles of good government; and she accordingly proceeds to discipline the Senator for his views to the extent of a column and a half of her mind, and that, too, in a "tone" that suggests a lively domestic circle if any one of that circle of which she is a member happens to have views akin to those of Senator Ingalls. (On this ground alone we would cast our vote against female suffrage). The article is characteristic of the writer, and a dozen times betrays the sex. Regarding it as a whole or as a syllogism, emotion constitutes the major and minor premises, and the favorite, because, the conclusion. There is apparently no effort at more consistency or logic than this. This is not intended as ridicule, it is simply a statement

of facts no stronger than they are. Emotions as a product of heart and mind are usually good, at least born of good intentions, but are too often most illogical and unsafe guides, defeating the very ends meant to be subserved.

The ethics and logic of liberty and rights as well of civil government are not so easily outlined and defined as is at first supposed. Our highest liberty is not to do as we please, nor is the most perfect freedom without any restraint. The Declaration of Independence recites three rights which it denominates inalienable, namely, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That these rights are absolutely inalienable, in the current sense of the word, is not true. We enjoy no rights which we may not forfeit. In the state of nature only have we absolute rights. So soon as we enter society as such, or as organized government, our rights cease to be absolute and become conditional and relative. Then we have a right to life, liberty &c., only on condition that our behavior conforms to certain rules of conduct prescribed by the society or government of which we are a member. This principle if carried out applies to the rights and privileges of the seas, as in the question of female suffrage, as well as to mankind generally considered.

However illogical and paradoxical it may at first appear, it is none the less true that the foundation of law is primarily not intelligence, but obligation. And when Senator Ingalls says, "The stability of government does not depend on the consent of the governed," he utters a truth in beautiful consonance not only with law and logic, but with the great masters of these, and in full harmony with the most perfect jurisprudence of the age.

In the development of law the general consciousness rules as a kind of intuition. Plato took this position; but he also believed in the pre-existence of souls, and accounted for intuition on the principle of reminiscence. Though he believed that man is always what his will is, yet he scorned the doctrine later advocated by Hobbes that man is a fighting animal, that each man's will is antagonistic to all other wills, bringing it into the power of the state to restrain the individual wills, and, in short, "that might makes right." If these two principles advocated by the best of men for many centuries be true, namely, that the foundation of law is primarily obligation, and that in its development the general consciousness rules as a kind of intuition, then must it follow as a logical corollary that the "stability of government does not depend on the consent of the governed?" And as a few men do the thinking for the world and the rest follow, so a few catch the spirit of inspiration and become lawyers as Solon and Lycurgus, not so much because they are wiser and study more than others, but because they catch the spirit of inspiration to get the right. The manifestations of right come in the form of historical movements. The idea grounds itself first in customs and habits, and this gradually takes the form of law. Blackstone teaches that all law has its origin in custom or habit which come from the idea of right. Others hold that it comes from the rudimentary unfolding of society. However this may be, it is agreed on all hands that laws do not come into existence abruptly or theoretically, but practically and historically. Sex non scripta does not so much refer to the fact that it is unwritten as to its origin, evidencing thereby that law grows out of customs and maxims in which right is embodied and expressed.

Statute laws only become a necessity because right develops itself historically as a movement, and because man's outward circumstances are continual new applications of right with these historical changes. Hence the necessity of making laws anew, and therefore the obviousness of the fact that men can not legislate as they please, since statute law must be not merely theoretical, but it must be historically right and true. If it is not it will be a dead letter. Many laws are passed which cannot be enforced, nor would it be well if they were. There are many wrongs which can not be right by legislation, and many evils which even the blood stained code of Solon could not prohibit.

It is wrong per se to forbid all kinds of wrong. If a man does right only because he is compelled to, he is not a man, nor does he develop that character which leads to manhood. The Puritans by forbidding whistling on Sunday, and making attendance at church compulsory, suppressed the development of character, for character can only develop properly when there is freedom of will. You can say of a man, "He can't steal." In the midst of the freedom of will he has built up so sturdy a structure of character that there is established a law within him. That necessitates conformity to moral principles. If this principle is correct from a metaphysical and ethical standpoint, is there not room to doubt whether prohibition is expedient, whether it does not defeat the very end in view.

But, to go back to the very article in question. The writer, with emotional consistency, throughout, pictures forth the dreadful oppression of the American women. She feels the cold, hard links of bondage wearing deep into her flesh, and sees before her 21,000,000 of her American sisters with "wan, white faces," poverty plucked and "brazen vilged" because they cannot vote and hold office. She believes man her worst enemy, and on this assumption is based all she says. She is not yet fully reconciled to the fact that Eve tempted Adam from obedience and good citizenship. She believes it was the other way. She feels confident that all legislation is directed toward enslaving her, and that unless she snatches the reins of government and takes a hand in steering the ship of state, she will become consigned to the mill or among the galley slaves. She is a good president, but a poor statesman. This is the burden of her plaint today. Tomorrow she feels tolerably secure as to herself and her sisters, but she is confident by her having a hand at

legislation she could save millions of perishing men, who because of her being denied the right of suffrage are rushing headlong to perdition. "Let us save our sons and brothers," she cries. Well, if this be your heart's desire you can accomplish it. Not at the polls, not on the public stage, not in the legislative halls, but where you are more needed, and where your power is ten fold greater, and which place none but you can fill,—namely, the home circle. There the wisest and best men and women of all ages agree you can serve your country best. The trite maxim of Pope, "Just as the twig is bent," etc., consigns you there. Fletcher directs you there when he says, "Give me the first ten years of a child's life and I care not who has the rest. The royal truth, "She who rocks the cradle rules the world," points you to your home; and the sacred writings say there is your sphere of greatest influence and power. There you can mold character and shape destinies. This requires all the time and influence a mother or sister can give, and goes farther toward directing legislation and defining the character of nations than any parliament or congress in any land. This power and influence you can not afford to delegate to a colored nurse. If in the present century the American cradles are to be rocked by hired help, who will be the statesmen of the next? Napoleon was once asked how France could be saved, and he replied, "Only by giving us better mothers." Emerson says, "Nothing influences character like character." And again, "When young, not so much what we learn as from whom we learn." All this privilege—this unmeasured opportunity to influence for good or bad—this untold power you are willing to delegate to some ignorant and irresponsible servant whose highest motive to act is too often measured by the \$1.50 per week wages you pay your deserving servant, whose deplorable condition calls forth so much of your sympathy. So these women would save our country!

If your heart is bent on elevating, ameliorating, liberalizing and humanizing humanity, go where your work will be most effective, where there is work for all of you, as mothers or sisters, where the great majority of the best women of our age are laboring, and who could as little be prevailed on to exchange their power and influence at home for the glittering bubble of political fame as you could buy the beautiful stars. Heaven gave into their hands this sacred power and influence, and peculiarly fitted them for it, so that they may send out from their homes mighty men whose character shall pervade all the laws of the land. These women know their power as well as the grand old Roman, Fulvia, when she said: "Let me look into the faces of our mothers and I will read our national destiny a century to come." The tears and entreaties of the noble Roman mother, Volumnia, alone could conquer Coriolanus and save a mighty city. A mother's tenderness turned back the Volscian hosts, whom two-edged swords could not have stayed. So in America, though the cry may go forth, "There is something rotten in Denmark!" yet, remembering that "The more clear and crystal is the sky, the uglier seem the clouds that in it fly," and that "She who rocks the cradle rules the world," we take hope and look to our mothers for our men.

W. H. R.

## A CYCLOPED CITY.

On Decoration Day Mushroom City was full of excitement. Though a little frontier town, but six months old, they made up in view that which they lacked in size. When the man from Illinois "guessed" and the emigrant from Missouri "reckoned" they might celebrate, the gentlemen from the other states concurred and the matter was considered settled. The oldest settlers, that is those who were in Mushroom City at its inception and prided themselves on being there when there was nothing, "had given their sanction and the exercises were to consist of some speech making and singing and marching by some veterans as could be mustered, there being men who had come to western Kansas to take advantage of the Soldiers Homestead act. They could not decorate the graves for the simple reason there were no graves to decorate. They had not even a grave yard and there seemed no prospects of their needing any. This may not have been owing entirely to the healthfulness of their location on which they pride themselves, but I firmly believe the people of Mushroom City had no time to die. They were too busy and too hopeful and if anyone is afraid to die let him try this remedy. The men never walked; they ran to their business, they rushed up to the guileless new-comer, they swept around the country showing claims, being most of them in the real estate business—in short they were rustlers and the women were not far behind, as they rushed about their work or whirled into the stores, and the very children in their play on the grassy streets seemed to precipitate themselves headlong into futurity. Everybody in Mushroom City talked loud and long, not because they were uncultivated, but because they were happy. It was something to have come from the grinding poverty of the east to have lots and lands and feel your fortune was made. It was an ideal state of society. For each man, no matter how he lived, had a claim of one hundred and sixty acres from the government's bounty and a lot in Mushroom given him to build his sod shack on,—something to look forward to in the future development of the country. No one was poor. As for the Mushroom citizens, if anyone did not believe his town was to be the future metropolis of the west, he had the discretion not to utter such treasonable thoughts.

Yet but two miles to the east lay Vinefield, their rival candidate in the county seat war now being waged but which would be determined the week following that of Decoration day by a county election. Vinefield was a flower of an older growth, having seen the blizzards of at least one winter. It had temporary advantages over Mushroom, having been appointed by the

governor as the place to do the county seat business until after election, and having as yet the daily stage and mail. The founder of Mushroom had once been a member of the Vinefield Town Company, and having been checked in his rampant desire to control the whole town, had started a rival with the distinct purpose of killing the older city. The contest promised to be a close and sharp one, all the more so that the two towns could muster about an equal number of votes, and the result of the election would depend upon the country people and those living at little trading places that had sprung up through the county. When the town of Mushroom held a meeting and promised to pay the salaries of the county officers for the ensuing year, the citizens of Vinefield pledged themselves to do the same and build a court house beside. While matters were in this state the patriotic and public spirited citizens of Mushroom intended at the coming celebration to discuss what they could further do to gain doubtful votes.

The day came, cloudy and warm and dry. In the morning the gentlemen had donned their good clothes brought from the east, but as the sultry afternoon came on each man laid aside his coat; he couldn't stand it. During the speaking the dry and dusty veterans had frequent recourse to the water pail; the women fanned themselves industriously, the little children fretted and tried to ease their small, heated bodies, and the orators of the day, poor fellows! mopped their glowing countenances as they energized the actions of our brave ones slain on southern battlefields. And it is to be presumed that most of those present suffered as much and felt as patriotic as the great American nation feels its duty to be on each national holiday. Ah! Captain Hayes was a good speaker and a gallant man. "My friends, let us still celebrate this day! Let us bring up our children to celebrate it,"—small child in the audience loudly slaps its mother in the face and is rewarded by a stick of candy to keep it quiet. "Let us honor its gallant heroes, those noble specimens of humanity,"—a dry veteran with a somewhat dirty face crosses the room and guzzles down a pint of warmish water pouring what is left back into the pail, but especially let us glorify in; a sweaty little boy reclining on his father's lap snores loudly. Let us regard it as of more importance than anything else, and in the great event coming to our glorious country when the untampered votes of a free people shall declare Mushroom City the pride and glory of the west.

A citizen at the window calls: "A cyclone's coming!" In a moment there was confusion; yet without accident all came down the stairway and safely into the street. Look! Look to the south! The heavens were like brass; the air was full of sound, a rumbling, deafening roar more horrible than anything in nature; self of some impetuous, irresistible, overpowering force, which neither the boasted skill, nor wisdom, nor strength of man could turn aside or withstand. On came that funnel shaped

cloud bearing in its angry bosom the means of destruction and death. Fly for your lives! To the cellars, to the dugouts to the sand draw. Men and women and children caught hands and huddled together in underground rooms like pigs. Some were calm with despair, others shrieked with fear, still others cried aloud to God to save them. In one large cellar under a grocery, one dozen women began to scream, "Oh, my baby! my baby! I left her at home sleeping in her cradle! I must go to her!" They urged her to stay. She threw them aside, opened the door and ran out. The cyclone had struck the town. The house was gone! She threw herself upon the ground holding a sage brush, and everyone knows the roots of a sage brush are put there to stay. As she lay there she saw with mingled joy and fear, her baby's cradle floating over head. Holding by one hand to the bush, she reached a rocker with the other and succeeded in tearing her child out of its nest as it came to earth. The air was full of flying splinters, boards and household furniture, yet she and her baby were unhurt.

In the cellar she had left, a maiden lady who had come out west to keep house for her brother, began to cry, emulated by the other women's example. "Oh! my chickens, my chickens! I have seven at home—just hatched. I must go and save them!" "You stay here!" yelled her brother with masculine severity. But she was large and strong and willful. She made a break for the door, when several men, oblivious of her age, sex and dignity, seized and overpowered her as if she had been a captured thief, one of them holding her in such a grip as must have made her old maid cheeks flush for many a day to have remembered.

"Addie," said a young man not long from Ohio to the pretty girl by his side, "Lean on me! We'll die together!" "Oh," she murmured, "I'll lose all my belongings, and that nasty cyclone will tear open my trunk and throw all my—!" Poor girl. She was thinking of her love letters from a former swain, being scattered through seven counties and read by careless strangers. Her alarm was equal to that of Mrs. Grier, an old lady who boasted she never threw away anything, and who has brought to Kansas with her the accumulated rubbish of half a generation of housekeeping. It was her favorite saying: "Keep a thing seven years and you'll find a use for it," which she seemed to construe to mean, keep even worthless things and they will become useful, for her boxes were full of rags and tags and odds and ends and worn out furniture, umbrellas with the ribs broken, chairs with the bottoms out, old boots worn out at the heel and toe, tin articles, leaky and past mending, old hats fit only for scare crows, a thousand useless things that were at that moment being hung by the cyclone's busy fingers on about a mile of barbed wire fence, from which she secured enough of them again to have started a second hand store.

After a time the wind ceased and it began to rain a perfect deluge. Then the action of the elements subsided and the people emerged from their hiding places to view what was left of their belongings. Only a few houses remained standing and they were badly shattered and were afterward moved away. Some speculator started a new town near, and most of the saved went there, and when last heard from were industriously booming it. The citizens of Vinefield always referred to that cyclone as a "merciful intervention of Providence" since it gained them the election.

FANNIE SKINNER.

I passed through Mushroom City yesterday. You can see where houses have been and vehicles passed to and fro, but the human feet that tramped these paths have left this deserted town site for more prosperous pastures. And still in the annals of this fair western country you may yet hear the tale of the Cyclone City.

MEADE CENTER.

EAGLETS.

Mr. Kennedy, of Augusta, says building stone will hereafter be furnished more freely to Wichita. The railroads have promised to furnish more cars.

There are only four of the old commanders of the Army of the Cumberland now living—Sheridan, Sherman, Rosecrans and Buell.

Gen. John C. Fremont and wife expect to visit Kansas City and the regions west this summer, in search of material for his contemplated book on Kit Carson.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat favors John Sherman for president in 1888.

The Chicago base ball club this year is run on total abstinence principles.

Henry George declares that the Labor party will have a presidential candidate in the field next year. He should remember Ben Butler's success in that line.

Jessie Harper is not the man who placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination at Chicago in 1860. The nomination was made, so says the Champion, by Norman B. Judd, of Chicago.

O'Brien was not born great, nor has he yet achieved it in his own country, but he is now having it thrust upon him. Canada is pelting it into him with brick bats and stone eggs.

Last year the United States furnished nearly one half of the silver and about one-third of the gold produced in the world.

Henry Watterson says: "If Mr. Curtis' ideal republic could be set up at Washington the government of the United States would be represented by a frozen stare mounted upon an eye glass and clad in a white tie."

It is lots of fun for the boys who started on its rounds the garbled extract of Ingalls' Abilene speech to see the sisters and the brethren bring broadside at our stalwart senator.

Bill Nye is now regularly employed on the New York World. He writes about half a column daily in his unique and witty style.

The great Beecher once said: "There's no monument under the heavens on which I would rather have my name inscribed than on the goodly state of Kansas."

# Bargain on Sale

THIS WEEK AT THE

# Popular Boston Store

Fresh Arrivals.

1 Case Novelty Wash Goods, usual price 25 cents, our price this week	15
2 Cases Cream Seersucker	4 1-2
1 Case Shirting Percales for boys waists	10
1 Case Etamine Suiting, elegant wash fabric, guaranteed not to fade	8 1-4
1 Case Satens	7 1-2
1 Case Imported Satens	15
2 Cases Fancy Tinted Batists	12 1-2
1 Case Savoy Checks, beautiful wash goods,	12 1-2
2 Cases Dotted Swiss	15
1 Case White Corded Lawn	8 1-3
1 Case Fancy Floue	8 1-4
1 Case Imported Zephyr Gingham	7 1-2
1 Case Scrim	12 1-2
25 pieces Fancy Scrim	7 1-2
1 Case Chambray Gingham, solid colors,	3
2 Cases Lawns	
Large shipment of Organdies, Lace Flouncing and Ladies' Muslin Underwear, far below the market value.	
5 Bales Carpet warp	20
50 dozen Unlaundried Shirts, worth \$1, for	69
50 dozen Unlaundried Shirts, worth 75, for	48
25 dozen White Laundried shirts, worth 1 25, for	75
40 dozen Gents Gauze Undershirts	15
150 dozen Gents Linen Collars	4
200 dozen Gents Socks	19
25 dozen Ladies' Gauze vests	19
200 dozen Ladies' Silk Mitts	19
100 dozen Ladies' Regular Made Hose	19
50 dozen Ladies' Regular Made Lisle Hose	40
50 dozen Ladies' Pure Silk Gloves	35
40 pieces Silk Tissue Veiling	10

Large and varied assortment of Parasols and Fans arrive this week and go on sale as soon as they come in, very cheap.

Our shoe department always complete with every style and last. In our Millinery Department you can be easily suited at prices much lower than any house in the city.

# WALLENSTEIN & COHN.